

SYLVANA:

A  
PASTORAL,

Lamenting the

DEATH

Of our Most Gracious

Queen MARY

Of Blessed Memory.

By Mr. MANNING.

*Interitum montesque feri, Sylvaque loquuntur. Virg.*

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

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To the Right Honourable  
 Sir JOHN SOMMERS, Kt.  
 Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of  
 ENGLAND, and one of His  
 Majesties Most Honourable Pri-  
 vy Council.

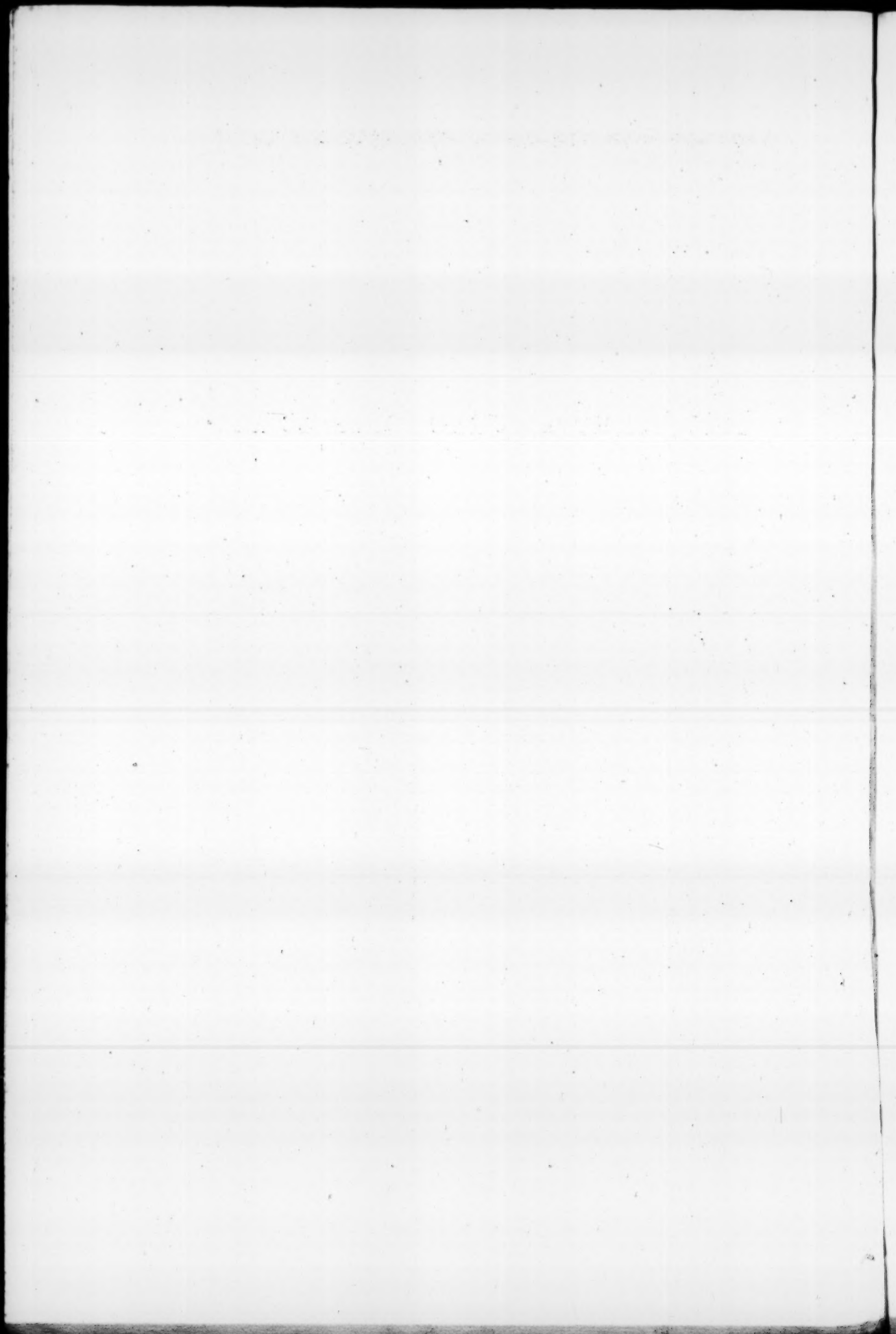
**A**mongst the pious acknowledgements, which have been lately paid to the Memory of our late Queen, This comes, tho' less deserving, to crave your Lordships Patronage. The true concern of its Author, will, I hope, in some sort excuse the errors of the Poem. 'Tis Pastoral, my Lord: A kind of Verse, us'd amongst Shepherds in old time, that admits of nothing affected, or disagreeing to the purest Innocence, such as was practised in the Golden Age. I presume not hereby to inform your Lordship of the Nature of Pastorals, but to vindicate that Verse from the ill opinions of some, who, methinks, by disapproving of it, must be no Friends to Virtue and Innocence. But lest I prove troublesome to your Lordship, whose Hours are of infinite Value and Importance, I humbly begg your Lordships acceptance of this Essay, and the Honour to subscribe my self,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble,

and most devoted Servant

F. M.



A

# PASTORAL:

## Lamenting the Death of the Late QUEEN.

*Damon. Melampus.*

*Mel.* **C**OME hither, *Damon* : I have one demand  
To make, which well deserves a Faithful hand.  
I know thee grateful, and of tender mind,  
Ready to please, and moulded to be kind.  
You well recall how at *Adonis* Feast,  
Amongst the tuneful Swains, at your request,  
At your request, tho' much unskill'd in Lays,  
I play'd upon my Pipe, and sung my *Damon's* praise.  
Shepherd, I piped, and sung with all my Might,  
Because 'twas pleasing in my Shepherds fight.  
Now all I ask is, Grant me one soft hour,  
Soft as *Aglæ's* Arms, in yonder Bower :  
An unfrequented place, secure of shade,  
Fertile in wilds, for Grief most fitly made.  
There with Harmonious Reed, and tuneful breath,  
Thou shalt begin a Song of great *Sylvana's* Death.

*Dam.* Oh! I am most unfit for such a task,  
Not able to perform the Boon you ask.  
For so exalted doth the Theme appear,  
'That it exceeds a lowly Shepherds Sphear.  
Besides, should I retire with thee and sing,  
My Flocks would stray to the forbidden Spring:  
Believe me, 'tisan ugly Water-place,  
Muddy, unwholesom, round it noxious grafs.

B

Such



Such faults all thereabouts are lately seen,  
 That now my Sheep graze always on the Green.  
 Yet to oblige the Swain, my gentle Friend,  
 For sure I love the well : I'll strive to bend  
 My Art-less Voice, and tune my mournful Reed,  
 Pipe a sad strain, for Oh *Sylvana's* Dead.

*Mel.* I know, kind Shepherd, that the Subject's great,  
 A lofty Theme, deserving utmost State.  
 Couldst thou like *Orpheus* move inanimates,  
 Or play at fam'd *Arion's* wondrous rate ;  
 Wer't thou the Favorite of all the Nine,  
 The first in Song of all the tuneful line :  
 If such thou wert in voice, and such in Lays,  
 Yet wouldst thou not suffice to shew *Sylvana's* praise.  
 But come, my Swain, what tho' thou art not made  
 To sing great, lofty strains, in Roman shade ;  
 A Shepherd's humble Verse is full as well,  
 To shew a true concern, and tender zeal.  
 As to thy Flocks, I'll view them all the while,  
 ( And sure my eyes are good, ) least any spoil  
 Be made, or they run roving to the Spring ;  
 Now let us sit, and sweetly, *Damon*, sing.

*Dam.* Mourn *British* woods, let every Swain deplore,  
 Lament each Nymph : *Sylvana* in no more.  
 O mournful time ! O great and dismal cross !  
 Such as the Woods n're saw before this loss.  
 Where have we been *Melampus* ? how employ'd ?  
 Wrapt up in joys, with various pleasures cloy'd ?  
 It must be so : so calm was our Estate,  
 Minds so united, and so fix'd our Seat.  
 We were so happy, but alas ! the time  
 Is grown more dismal, and more sad the clime.  
 O mournful State ! the Woods all chang'd appear,  
 The Trees all wither'd, and the Streams not clear,  
*Mourn British woods ; let every Swain deplore,*  
*Lament each Nymph : Syluana is no more.*

Was ever Land so fortunately blest ?  
 Were ever shady Groves so well possess'd  
 Of Lords ? a pair without example seen,  
 The happiest, lovingst Shepherds of the Green.

He,

He, the Great Swain, unmatched in vertue, Love,  
 Greatness, and all things else that Heroes move.  
 Great in himself, but Greater in the Pride  
 He took in his all-shining lovely Bride.  
 A Shepherdess so exquisitely Fair,  
 So Wise, so Good, in every thing so rare;  
 That all Perfections seem'd to center there.  
 So kind she was, so just, so fit to sway,  
 She knew both how to Govern, and Obey.  
 When Great affairs call'd the Great Swain abroad,  
*Sylvana*, to transact at home employ'd,  
 With so much Prudence manag'd all Affairs,  
 That she reviv'd our hopes, and banish'd all our fears:  
 Each Thing, each State so gracefully became,  
 Whate're she undertook immortaliz'd her Name.

*Mourn, British woods; let every Swain deplore.  
 Lament each Nymph: Sylvana is no more.*

O Direful loss! O most untimely Fate!  
 Ye wretched Nymphs, mourn your unhappy State!  
 Where's the support of all your Glories fled?  
 Mourn all your Ornament *Sylvana* Dead.  
 Where are ye now, ye Woods? and where, ye Groves?  
 How fare your Turtles, and how greet your Loves?  
 Who shall adorn your Arbours, trim your Boughs  
 Who crops your Trees, and who your Grass-beds mows?  
 Where are ye now, ye Rivers? where ye Springs?  
 And ye, false Rocks? and where it's Echo sings?  
 Deserted all, all the sad loss bemoan,  
 So Universal is the sorrow grown.

*Mourn, British woods; let every Swain deplore;  
 Lament each Nymph: Sylvana is no more.*

Look where *Apollo* stands, the † *Nomian* God,  
 Giving his answers by a silent Nod:  
 No more *Admetus* flocks the Shepherd feeds,  
 No more † *Amphrysus* hears his Oaten reeds:

† *Apollo* was called  
*Nomius* a *βοσκον* pas-  
 cuit, because he fed  
 the Sheep of *Adme-  
 tus*.

† A River of *Thes-  
 saly*, upon whose  
 banks *Apollo* is said  
 to have fed the  
 flocks of King *Ad-  
 metus*.

See *Pales* too, how grief has chang'd her face,  
 No longer seen that wonted, lively grace;  
 Which made the Shepherds in a jovial ring,  
 Dance to her Praise, and to her Honour sing.

No

*Bacchus* himself with all his jolly throng  
 Contemns his Plays, and sadly walks along.  
 No more they trip it on the softned ground,  
 Nor more doth the two-handled Bowl go round.  
 But all intent upon a solemn grief,  
 The common care, pursue no vain relief.

Behold great *Pan*, see, see the flowing tide  
 Of Tears, with *Daphnis* piping by his side.  
 What is't he plays, or to what tunes his breath?  
 He plays, hard Fate! he sings *Sylvana's* Death.  
 Let Hills and Dales express their Panick fears,  
 Lament ye Rocks, and soften into Tears.

Farewell ye Gentle Streams of *Thamisis*,  
*Sylvana* will no more your Waters Grace:  
 How have I seen upon a Summers day,  
 When *Phæbus* did extend a glorious Ray,  
 A Fleet of well-built Boats, a goodly fight,  
 Attend the lov'd *Sylvana's* Barge, nor parted till the night.  
 Weep all ye River Gods, bewail this loss,  
 Ye silver Streams bemoan this fatal cross.

Farewell ye Sheep, ye skipping Goats adieu,  
*Sylvana* walks no more in Fields with you.  
 Farewell ye little Kids, and tender Lambs,  
 A long farewell to Steers and butting Rams.

Stop, ye melodious Bids, your tuneful Throats,  
 Alas! no more delight your warbling notes.  
*Sylvana*, that rejoyced to hear your Charms,  
 O wretched Fate! is seiz'd by Death's cold Arms.

But let sad *Philomel* her Songs rehearse,  
 She varies not from her complaining course.  
 Sing, mournful Bird, thy freedom justly take,  
 The Burden of thy Song *Sylvana* make.



Ye Pitying Swans, a timely offering bring,  
And to the Great *Sylvana's* Praise your dying Accents Sing.

Strew Leaves, ye Shepherds, on the Defart Gound,  
*Sylvana* Wills it : Let no Spring be found  
Unshaded, then in sad Proceffion move,  
And shew the Sheperdes your latest Love:  
Then raise a Tomb, of costly make, refin'd,  
Of Whiteft Marble, suited to her Mind.  
Which done, a round it all her Name rehearse,  
And fix thereon a Monumental Verse.

' Here lies *Sylvana*, hear it every Wind,  
' The Greatest, Fairest, best of Womankind.  
' Unequall'd in her Virtue, Wisdom, Love,  
' In Goodness nearest to the Gods above.  
' Snatcht by Grim Death in her securest State ;  
' All Nature grieves at her untimely Fate :  
' Grieves, that so good a life should have so short a date:  
Mourn, *British Woods* ; let every Swain deplore,  
Lament each Mymph : *Sylvana is no more.*

Inexorable Death ! Thou Bane to Joys !  
Who, undistinguishing, the World annoys.  
Couldst thou not find amongst the meaner sort  
An Object, fitter for thy fatal Dart ?  
Must our *Britannia's* glory thus be gone ?  
Did poor *Sylvana* ever do thee wrong ?  
Oh no ! She knew not wrong, she was all good,  
The sweetest, kindest Nymph of all the Wood.  
Thou pitylefs Destroyer of the Fair,  
When all seems calm thou still art making War.  
What could provoke thee to commit this Fact ?  
Believe me, 'twas a bold, and daring Act,  
To seize the Shepherdes, void of all fear,  
When the Great Shepherd stood himself so near.

Behold that Shepherd now, whom last we Nam'd :  
Lord of this Island, much for Hunting fam'd.  
The *Lupine-Chase* beyond the rest he loves,  
Eager of sport, each Year to *Gallia* roves.

C

There

There Lives a Mighty VVolf, of swiftest pace,  
 Commanding all the VVoods about the place :  
 Unlimited, and ready to Devour,  
 His Cruelty as boundless, as his Power.  
 Thither with earnest steps our Swain repairs,  
 To ease the Countrey of its raging fears.  
 Resolv'd to tame the Monster fierce, and wild,  
 Or not to leave him, till he proves more mild.  
 Oft has he made him smart, and oft repell'd  
 His Gratest force, and oft his Rage has quell'd.

See where he lies now, prostrate on the Greund,  
 No Comfort for the Shepherd can be found.  
 He who n'ere knew how to Lament, or Yield,  
 Unconquer'd in the Chase, and in the Field :  
 Look how he Weeps, Expanding both his Arms,  
 No more to tast the Lov'd *Sylvana's* Charms.  
*Sylvana* is the only word he speaks,  
*Sylvana* is the only sound he likes.  
 Name Business to him, Name Affairs of State,  
 His Answer still deplores *Sylvana's* Fate.  
 Such Magick in *Sylvana's* Name appears,  
 That tho it heightens Grief, 'tis Musick to his Ears.  
*Mourn, British Woods ; let every Swain deplore,*  
*Lament each Mymph : Sylvana is no more*

Shee's gone, 'tis true, without Redemption fled,  
 But rests not properly among the Dead.  
 Her Soul Immortal, as her Fame on Earth,  
 Has mounted Heaven, and gain'd a second Birth.  
 The Good shall always live, The actions of the Just  
 Shall ever Bud, and Blossom in the Dust.

Her stop, my Muse : Now, Shepherd, let us hast,  
 My Flocks by this time want their Noons Repast.  
 But first *Melampus*, mind me what I say,  
 I shall expect your Muse another Day.

F I N I S.

